

# Lady Gaga "Future Love"

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The one...

[Hello.  
It's nice to meet you.  
Your very cute.  
Rubber man.]

I can't help myself,  
I'm in love.

And when I get back,  
From outer space,  
I'm gonna punch him in his face.

He's the moon,  
Then I'm eclipsed

I'm so lunar yeah,  
When I get to him,  
I'll run him over with my rocket ship.

My eyeliner,  
Runs, in, constellations  
For you dear.  
If only, I could,  
Reboot my mechanical heart,  
I'd think clear.

Baby I'm feelin' so out of this world,  
Baby with you I'm a different girl,  
(Uh-oh, oh)  
You're my future love.

Baby could we make a home in the stars,  
Baby somewhere in a galaxy far,  
(Uh-oh, oh)  
You're my future love.

(O-o-o-O-oh)

I want your f-f-f-f-future love,  
I want your f-f-f-f-future love,

Would you be my f-f-f-future love,  
I want your f-f-f-future love  
Would you be my f-f-f-fu-ture man,  
I wanna f-f-fuck you hard as I can,  
Would you be my f-f-f-future man,  
I wanna f-f-f-future man.

I've been workin',  
In engineering,  
All our chem-estries,  
And our situ-ations,  
Workin' out our sex equations

And I'm no,  
I'm no, nostradamas yeah,  
Cause' my hair is blond,  
But my heart is brunette,  
If I'm not on you,

And at lease I'm honest.

My, mascara,  
Runs, in, con-ste-llations,  
For you dear,  
My dear.  
If on-ly I could,  
Outer space my brain,  
For a minute.  
I'd think clear.

Baby I'm feelin' so out of this world,  
Baby with you I'm a different girl,  
(Uh-oh, oh)  
You're my fu-ture love.

Baby could we make a home in the stars,  
Baby somewhere in a galaxy far,  
(Uh-oh, oh)  
You're my fu-ture love.

(O-o-o-O-oh)

I want your f-f-f-future love,  
I want your f-f-f-future love,  
Would you be my f-f-f-future love,  
I want your f-f-f-future love,  
Would you be my f-f-f-fu-ture man,  
I wanna f-f-fuck you hard as I can,  
Would you be my f-f-f-future man,  
I want your f-f-f-future man,

You can come and take me in,  
To a place where we've never been,  
He's so unreal yeah,  
He's mannequin,  
He's a synthetic, plastic, an unreal man,  
I'll buy you playing cards,  
On a shooting star,  
To get to you  
My future lo-ver-er,

He's my rubber hunk,  
My kind-of guy,  
And I'm stuck in,  
His metal, rubber eyes,  
Eye, eye, eyes...  
Rubber eyes,  
Eye, eye, eyes...

My future guy...

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